

**The Juniata Sentinel.**  
ESTABLISHED IN 1846.  
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BRIDGE STREET, OPPOSITE THE OLD FELLOWS' HALL,  
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.  
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# Juniata Sentinel.

R. F. SCHWEIZER, [THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.] EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.  
VOLUME XXIV, NO. 33. MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN'A. AUGUST 17, 1870. WHOLE NUMBER 1222

**RATES OF ADVERTISING.**  
All advertising for less than three months  
for one square of eight lines or less, will be  
charged one insertion, 75 cents, three \$1.50,  
and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion.  
Administrator, Executor's and Auditor's  
Notices, \$2.00. Professional and Business  
Cards, not exceeding one square, and includ-  
ing copy of paper, \$3.00 per year. Notices  
in reading columns, ten cents per line. Mer-  
chants advertising by the year at special rates.  
One square..... 3 months..... \$ 4.00..... \$10.00  
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Half column..... 18.00..... 35.00  
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### Professional Cards.

**ALEX. R. MOULDER,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
144 SOUTH SIXTH STREET,  
PHILADELPHIA.  
oct 27-4f

**ROBERT McMELEN,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.  
Office on Bridge street, in the room formerly  
occupied by Ezra D. Parker, Esq.

**S. B. LOUDEN,**  
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.,  
Offers his services to the citizens of Juni-  
ata county as Auctioneer and Vendor of Real  
Estate. Charges from two to ten dollars. Satisfac-  
tion warranted. [nov 3-5m]

**THOMAS A. ELDER, M. D.,**  
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.  
Office hours 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Office in  
Belford's building, two doors above the Sen-  
tinel office, Bridge street. [aug 18-4f]

**DR. P. C. RUNDIO,**  
**DRUGGIST,**  
PATTERSON, PENN'A.  
August 18, 1869-4f

**D. S. SMITH, M. D.,**  
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON  
Having permanently located in the borough  
of Mifflintown, offers his professional services  
to the citizens of this place and surrounding  
country.  
Office on Main street, over Bell's Drug  
Store. [aug 18 1869-4f]

**G. W. McPHERRAN,**  
**Attorney at Law,**  
601 SANSON STREET,  
PHILADELPHIA.  
aug 18 1869-1y

**CENTRAL CLAIM AGENCY,**  
**JAMES M. SELLERS,**  
144 SOUTH SIXTH STREET,  
PHILADELPHIA.  
[oct 27-4f]

**Business Cards.**  
**NEW DRUG STORE.**  
**BANKS & HAMLIN,**  
Main Street, Mifflintown, Pa.  
DEALERS IN  
DRUGS AND MEDICINES,  
Clematis, Oils, Dye Stuffs,  
Essences, Perfumery, Glass,  
Liquors, Putty, Paints,  
Lamps, Candles, Cans, Oil,  
Chimneys, Brushes, Burners,  
Infants Brushes, Soaps, Hair  
Brushes, Tooth Brushes, Combs,  
Perfumery, Cigars, Tobacco,  
Cigars, Notions.

**CLARK & FRANK,**  
**HARDWARE DEALERS,**  
OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE,  
MIFFLINTOWN, PENN'A.  
Iron, Steel, Nails, Nail Rods, Horse Shoes,  
Carpenters, Builders, Carriage Makers, Cab-  
inet Makers and House Furnishing  
**HARDWARE.**  
Call before purchasing elsewhere, at  
CLARK & FRANKS,  
Mifflintown, Pa.  
aug 18, 1869-4f

**F. H. SAIGER,**  
WITH  
**SHUMWAY, CHANDLER & CO.**  
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in  
**BOOTS & SHOES,**  
221 Market and 210 Church St.,  
PHILADELPHIA.  
apr 13 1870

**J. M. KEPHEART**  
WITH  
**BARNES BROTHER**  
WHOLESALE DEP.  
**HATS AND**  
603 Market St  
aug 18, 1869-1y

**COONS, SCOTT & CO.**  
**COMMISSION**  
AND WHO  
**MAKEREL**  
AND PRO  
144 North  
at Street  
PHILA.  
aug 18

**J. H. HOSSETLER**  
**NEW TIN SHOP**  
AT  
**JOHNSTOWN, JUNIATA CO. PA.**  
THE undersigned, having returned and  
taken charge of the above stand, where he  
was formerly doing business, would beg  
leave to inform his friends and the public  
generally, that he will constantly keep on  
hand and be prepared at all times to supply  
the demand for  
**TIN AND SHEET IRON WARE,**  
**ROOFING, JOBBING, &c.,**  
In fact everything necessary for the full sup-  
ply in this line of business.  
Repairing will be made a specialty,  
and will receive prompt attention.  
He hopes by strict attention to busi-  
ness to merit and receive a liberal share of  
public patronage.  
J. H. HOSSETLER.  
Feb 2, 1870-6m

**THE FOLSOM IMPROVED**  
**Twenty-Five Dollar Family Sewing**  
**Machine.** The cheapest First Class Ma-  
chine in the Market. Agents wanted in every  
Town. Liberal commission allowed. For  
terms and circular, address, A. S. HAMILTON,  
Gen. Agent, No 700 Chestnut St, Phila, Pa.

### Local Advertisements.

**WILLIAM WISE,**  
Mifflintown, Pa.,  
  
Agent of the CELEBRATED AMERICAN  
ORGANS for Juniata county. These are  
the best ORGANS now made. Suited to all  
circumstances. Prices ranging from \$100  
\$1000.  
Also, Agent for FIRST-CLASS PIANOS.  
All instruments sold warranted for five years.  
aug 2 1870-4f.

**The Place for Good Grape-vines**  
IS AT THE  
**Juniata Valley Vineyards,**  
AND GRAPE-VINE NURSERY.  
THE undersigned would respectfully in-  
form the public that he has started a  
Grape-vine Nursery about one mile northeast  
of Mifflintown, where he has been testing a  
large number of the different varieties of  
Grapes; and having been in the business for  
seven years, he is now prepared to furnish  
VINES OF ALL THE LEADING  
VARIETIES, AND OF THE  
MOST PROMISING  
KINDS, AT  
**LOW RATES.**  
by the single vine, dozen, hundred or thou-  
sand. All persons wishing good and thrifty  
vines will do well to call and see for them-  
selves.  
Good and reliable Agents wanted.  
Address,  
**JONAS OBERHOLTZER,**  
Mifflintown, Juniata Co., Pa.  
Feb 14, 1870-1y

**New Firm.**  
**FASICK & NORTH,**  
**BOOT & SHOE MAKERS,**  
MAIN STREET, MIFFLIN,  
in the Hotel Building of Mr. Young.  
Having entered into partnership, we are now  
prepared to manufacture and have for sale  
all kinds of  
**BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS,**  
FOR  
**GENTS, LADIES AND CHILDREN.**  
Our work is all manufactured by ourselves,  
and we warrant it to be made of the best ma-  
terial. Oil work sold at our counter will be  
repaid free of charge, should the seaming  
give way.  
Give us a call, for we feel confident that we  
can furnish you with any kind of work you  
may desire.  
Repairing done neatly and at reason-  
able rates.  
FASICK & NORTH.  
aug 18, 1869-4f.

**COME THIS WAY!!**  
**New Flour and Feed Store!**  
THE undersigned having opened a Flour  
and Feed Store on Main street, opposite  
the Post Office, in the building formerly occu-  
pied by Cafe Parker, would respectfully  
announce to the citizens of Mifflintown and  
vicinity, that he is now prepared to furnish  
the flour with  
**FLOUR AND FEED,**  
Such as  
**Corn Meal, Corn, Oats, Chop, Middlings,**  
**Shorts, Bran, &c., &c.**  
And everything usually kept in a first-class  
Feed Store. Also,  
**POTATOES FOR SALE CHEAP.**  
I respectfully solicit a liberal share of public  
patronage.  
ENOS BERG.  
Mifflintown, April 20, 1870-2m.

**CONFECTIONERY**  
AND  
**FRUIT STORE.**  
THE undersigned, thankful for past pa-  
tronage, takes this method of informing his  
old customers and the public generally, that  
he has added another large and well selected  
stock of Oranges, Lemons, Potatoes, Tobac-  
co, Cigars, Spices of all kinds, and the large-  
stock of Confectioneries ever brought to the  
county.  
Fresh Bread, Rolls, Cakes, &c.  
Having purchased the Millin Bakery, I am  
prepared to furnish Bread, Rolls, Pies, Pret-  
zels, Dutch Cake, Rye Bread, Ginger Cake,  
Sugar Cake, Spice Cake, Pound Cake, Fruit  
Cake, Sponge Cake, &c. Jelly Roll and Or-  
namental Cakes made to order.  
Having secured the services of a first  
class baker, I am prepared to furnish the  
country trade with all kinds of cakes at rea-  
sonable rates.  
Nov. 10, 1869. WM. H. EGOLF.

### Poet's Corner.

**TAKING A DRINK NOW AND THEN**  
**WITH A FRIEND.**  
Temperance Song Written and Composed, Music  
and Words by  
**P. O. HUDSON,**  
Now being published in sheet form for  
Good Templar Lodges.

Of all the evils this world doth possess,  
Spiritous Liquors rank first with the rest.  
The evil of drinking good whisky so "plain,  
Men of high standing doth often maintain,  
We speak of such evils as "living too high,  
But nothing that speaks now so quick on the  
eye.  
As "taking a drink, now and then with a  
friend,  
Never fails to bring an ignominious end.

The dealer so carefully puts up his rum,  
In cellars and rooms where no one will ask,  
To watch him while carrying out wicked de-  
signs,  
More effective he makes, in applying strich-  
nine,  
Then deals out the poison, how little you  
think,  
You're taking your life by using such drink,  
But still you persist in whisky so sweet,  
Till you find yourself penniless and out in the  
street.

The young man 'tis true, he starts in this  
life,  
A promising future, a fond loving wife,  
He's now at the rudder, as onward he sails,  
His ship he'll guide easy, encounter the gales.  
If he'll turn to his friends a defacing ear,  
Who are persuading him daily to drink of the  
beer,  
But now comes the trial, his friends say "come  
in,"  
"And have a good glass of pure holland gin."

He pauses and thinks, the Monster it groans,  
He thinks of his fireside and family at home,  
The dear one is watching, and impatiently  
waits,  
And wonders "what's keeping her husband  
so late."  
Then pressing her babe more close to her  
breast,  
Her silent tears falling, she lulls it to rest,  
Then ever waiting so faithful, till last,  
She shudders to think of the cold watery blast.

Hark! a noise, a footstep is heard,  
'Tis a message to her, that heart-breaking  
word,  
Your husband is dead, he was killed just now,  
In a drinking saloon, with his friends in a  
row,  
Isn't here a fine picture of taking a drink.  
Friends, you don't ponder, just stop and think,  
This case so often comes to our ear,  
"Yet none are so deaf as those that won't  
hear."

There stands the father, a glass in his hand,  
With family and children, a once happy band,  
He's brought them to ruin, disgrace and to  
shame,  
That man isn't worthy a parental name,  
Here is his daughter, a sweet little face,  
Implores her papa to leave that bad place,  
He pushes her off with a maniac roar,  
Her heart sinks within her, her hopes are  
forlorn.

But still she is thinking of mamma, so dear,  
Alone with no fire, with no one to cheer,  
Oh, father, come home so often we hear,  
Breaks forth from the lips of that sweet little  
dear.  
Poor brother is dying and mother is sick,  
Why won't you come home, oh, papa, come  
quick,  
But he pushes her off, so sad to think,  
And still there imbibing in poisonous drink.

Till at last he's no money, his journey is  
over,  
Perhaps there to die, he's left on the floor,  
Deserted and helpless, no friends does he  
meet.  
He's left in the gutter, to die in the street,  
Here is a picture, young man, just think,  
This picture, "is yours, by taking that drink,  
You continue in this until it's your end,  
This taking a drink, now and then with a  
friend.

[The author of the above poem, we have  
been informed, is a brother to Mr. E. P. Hud-  
son, of this place.—Ed.]

**Select Story.**  
**A CLEVER CAPTURE.**  
A well known inspector of the detective  
force once related to us a clever capture,  
effected by himself, of a daring thief,  
who had more than once escaped prison.  
The inspector himself had considerable  
experience, and tracked his man to a low  
public house; and, under pretense of be-  
ing an old thief himself, threw his com-  
panion off his guard by relating anecdotes.  
He was unarmed himself, and knew that  
the real burglar—who was known to the  
fraternity as "Bill the crackman"—had  
a revolver in his breast pocket, with the  
use of which he was thoroughly acquaint-  
ed; and the question was how to arrest  
him single handed. Story followed story,  
and reminiscence reminiscence, until Bill  
and his companion—who called himself  
Jerry Blake—became as thick as mem-  
bers of the former's profession was pro-  
verbially supposed to become.  
"Now," said Mr. Blake, after a pause,  
"as a last bit of anecdote, I'll show you,  
how Joe Timman was took. He'd aware as  
there wasn't any man in the colony or  
out of it as would take him single-hand-  
ed. Well, as the reward for his capture  
was a heavy one, a chap named Simmons,  
who was then out of the mounted police,  
determined to try it on. So what does  
he do, knowing some of Joe's haunts,  
but bribes a stockman, who lived in a  
loney hut, on the side of a deep gully

among the hills, to let him take the pos-  
session for a week or so. It was a hut  
where Joe was accustomed to call when  
he wanted to get a fresh supply of rum,  
for the stockman had been a convict like  
himself, and a pal of his; but, pal or no  
pal, he sold Joe this time and no mistake."  
"I'd have blown his brains out if I'd  
been Joe," observed the crackman with  
a savage oath.  
"I honor your sentiments," responded  
Mr. Blake; "and from what I know of  
Joe he shared 'em. But, you see, when  
he looked in one night at the hut, no  
stockman was there; but in his place  
Simmons, looking the very picture of a  
rough shepherd, was seated over the fire  
making tea and cooking damper."  
"Hallo! where's the stockman here?"  
asked Joe, stalking into the hut and ap-  
proaching the fire; Joe wasn't a feared  
of the devil himself; besides, he was all  
stuck around with bowie knives and six  
shooters, so that he was a caution to look  
at.

"Where's the stockman?" says he.  
Simmons only looked up for a minute  
then went on cooking the damper.  
"He's gone."  
"Gone where—dead?"  
"Pretty nigh it. He's down at the  
station with marsh fever. I've been or-  
dered up here in his place."  
"And who may you be, mate, when  
you're at home?" asked Joe, savagely,  
for he was disappointed at losing his friend.  
"When I'm at home," said Simmons  
still busy with his damper, "if home  
means England, I might be lord mayor  
or chancellor of the exchequer, for any  
chance I have of getting back there;  
but being here where I am, I'm only a  
jailed, like you, mate."

Joe who wasn't accustomed to bold  
speaking of this kind stepped back a  
pace or two and laid his hand on a six-  
shooter.  
"Who do you take me for?" he asked  
with an oath.  
"I don't take you for any one but your  
proper or your improper self," said Sim-  
mons quite unmoved, and filled two tin  
mugs with the sweetened tea.  
"And who am I?"  
"Joe the Timman."

"Joe handled his pistol as one pre-  
pared for action, but Simmons burst into  
a laugh.  
"Leave off handling your barking-iron"  
he said, "and take that mug of tea. I'd  
advise you to put a rest of rum in it, for  
the night's a dupper."  
You know where the bottle is, so make  
no bones about it. When old Mike—that  
was the name of the stockman—sent me  
up here in his place, he didn't forget to  
say who was his friend and best custo-  
mers.

"All this was said in so easy and com-  
fortable a way that the bush-ranger was  
thrown off his guard; and no wonder, for  
Simmons was a tall, thin, young fellow at  
that time, and the Timman, beside being  
armed to his teeth, was middle aged, short  
thick-set and with the muscular develop-  
ment of a bull. The hut was miles  
from any other habitation, and the night  
with wind and rain was a screamer.  
"So, Joe the Timman and Simmons the  
trap, sat to their tea together, and a jolly  
night they had of it, I've heard.  
The pitcher of spirits was filled and  
emptied again and again. Songs were  
sung and tales were told till the noisy  
revelry within the lonely hut almost ri-  
valed the dash of the rain and the scream  
of the blast without.

"Towards morning each took to boast-  
ing of his powers of doing this thing or  
that thing, and among other things, Sim-  
mons, who'd been when a mere boy a sort  
of acrobat at a circus, boasted of his pow-  
ers of jumping.  
"Now," he said, "supposing the traps  
were about me, and you was one of 'em,  
I'd clear a short man like you at a bound  
—and provided you weren't armed, I'd  
defy a dozen like you to catch me."

The Timman, who was bumptious in  
his cups, denied this.  
"Why," said he, "if you was to try to  
leap over me, as you say, I'd just up with  
my arms and pin your two thread paper  
legs so."  
He illustrated his words by action, but  
Simmons only laughed.  
"Nonsense! I'd skim over you as a  
swallow skims over a bit o' water. You  
wouldn't even touch my shadow as I  
passed."  
"The Timman, drinking more rum,  
grew angry.  
"I'd like to see you try it. You're  
more of a grasshopper than a properly  
built man, that's what you are! Come,  
I'll bet you this good watch that you don't  
jump clean over me as I stand now, back  
toward you."  
"Watch be hanged!" says Simmons. "I  
bet you a bottle of rum against the howie  
you've got in your belt that I clear a  
short chap like you, hold up your hands  
as high as you can, at a jump, only give  
me the run of a few yards."  
"Done!" And drawing the bowie  
knife from his belt, the bush-ranger laid  
it on the table.  
"Gammon!" observed Bill, who had

listened with much attention to the story.  
"It's a thing as Leonard, or any o' them  
spry chap couldn't do."  
"It's only a trick," replied Mr. Blake  
—"a mere circus trick—which every  
"down in the ring understands. Here,  
I'll show you how it's done in a minute  
—that is, I'll show you how Simmons  
must have done it, according to my be-  
lief."  
With ready obedience Bill stood up,  
and turned his back to the operator.  
"I suppose that's how the Timman  
stood?"  
"I should fancy just so. Raise your  
arms a little above the level of your  
head. That's it. Throw them back a  
little, and I will show you how the trick  
was done."  
Bill, following every direction, raised  
his hands high over his head, then letting  
them decline slightly in the direction of  
his new friend.  
The latter, taking Bill's wrist in his  
hand, brought them gently together.  
"This is how the thing must have been  
done," he said. Simmons must have  
taken advantage of a position that  
placed the bush-ranger absolutely in his  
power to draw a pair of handcuffs from  
his pocket, and before the other could  
make a movement, slip them on so."  
The thing was done in an instant, and  
before the crackman could realize the  
fact he found himself seated in one of  
the chairs, his hands fettered, and his  
captor, calm and smiling, standing over  
him.  
"What do you mean by all this?"  
Bill gasped out at last, looking about him  
with bewildered amazement. "Is it a  
joke?"  
"A capital jolt!" replied the other.  
"It was I who tried the same joke  
the Timman, and it succeeded capitally."  
"You?"  
"At that time I belonged to the colo-  
nial police, now I'm Mr. Inspector Sim-  
mons. My address is Scotland Yard,  
and I'm very much at your service."

**WOMEN WHO WORK MUST TALK.**  
An acquaintance of mine employs a  
large number of young women at sewing  
machines, in the fabricating of these vil-  
lous dresses for summer wear that make  
our streets look as if they were peopled  
with a new species of sunflower. He tells  
me that when he first conceived the idea  
of going into this particular line of busi-  
ness, he determined to go up to Sing Sing  
and examine the system as it was prac-  
ticed there, and to ascertain a just data  
of profit in regard to outlay for labor.  
His visit opened his eyes to several  
things, and returning to the city, he made  
up his mind to let his girls sing and  
talk as much as they pleased while they  
worked, but they must work by the  
piece; so that any loss of time would fall  
upon them as well as upon him. When  
he was shown into the workshops occu-  
pied by the female convicts at the great  
State prison, he was naturally enough  
surprised to find that the women, though  
hard at work with their sewing machines  
were just as busy with their tongues, ex-  
ercising their two natural gifts, the need-  
le and the organ of speech; and when  
he expressed his wonder to the warden at  
such license, he was told that twice as  
much could be got from them if they were  
allowed to use their tongues in the hours  
of labor, than if they worked in the un-  
natural condition to the sex of forced sil-  
ence. So the work goes on in my land-  
lord's work department with peals of  
laughter, and sometimes a strain of un-  
pleasant harmony, drowning the rattle of  
machines, and helping along pleasantly  
the wearing hours of toil.—New York  
Correspondent of the Boston Courier.

**TREATMENT OF YELLOW FEVER.**  
THE Philadelphia Inquirer, of the 9th  
inst., in speaking of the treatment of that  
dreadful disease, yellow fever, which had  
just then appeared in Philadelphia, says:  
"It is well to know how to treat a dis-  
ease so virulent as the yellow fever. For a  
long time there was much diversity of opi-  
nion among physicians as to the best  
mode, but it is now generally conceded  
that the first thing to secure is a free ac-  
tion of the bowels; and then the patient  
be placed in strong hot mustard baths,  
which are to be followed up by rest and  
the frequent administration of small  
draughts of cool water, with occasional  
teaspoonful of brandy or some other pure  
alcoholic stimulant. But little food is to  
be allowed the patient at the early  
stages, and then merely a light gruel."  
"The symptoms of the disease are num-  
erous, and can only be thoroughly delin-  
eated by a physician who has had much  
experience in treating the malady; but  
among others may be noticed a chilly  
sensation along the region of the spine  
and a dizziness or pain in the later stage  
of the disease, when death is fast ap-  
proaching, black vomit ensues, which is  
caused by morification of the bowels  
The black vomit resembles coffee ground  
and when present the patient is past re-  
covery." [New York Tribune.]  
FIFTY-ONE cases of accidental drow-  
ing have been reported in New Eng-  
land papers within the past two days.

### COMMENTS OF THE AMERICAN PRESS

**ON THE GREAT PRUSSIAN VICTORY.**  
[From the Washington Star of the 8th.]  
The Emperor conveys the impression  
that he will immediately renew the con-  
test, and endeavor to regain his lost  
ground; but his best troops beaten his  
connections endangered, his army demor-  
alized, and Paris in a state of almost open  
revolt, his chances of making a success-  
ful stand are dubious indeed. It would  
not surprise us to hear at any moment  
that he has abandoned his army, as his  
illustrious predecessor did after his re-  
verses in Russia; and neither would it  
be a matter for surprise if within the  
next three days he were a fugitive from  
France. Like a desperate player, he  
staked his Empire on the fortunes of the  
battle-field in the insane contest he pro-  
voked with Prussia, and the disastrous  
defeat he has experienced can have but  
one result, the overthrow of his dynasty.

[From the Washington Republican Aug 8.]  
In addition to his military reverses,  
there are indications that Napoleon is not  
altogether at ease in regard to the fidelity  
of the people. The mutiny at Chalons,  
the prompt execution of the mutineers,  
the proclamation of the ministers,  
the tenor of the Emperor's telegrams, and  
the publications of his official journals  
all show an underlying distrust of the  
masses, which is probably not ground-  
less, and a revolution within the French  
empire is not beyond the bound of possi-  
bility.

[From the Hartford Courant, 8th.]  
A few days ago, when the Prince Im-  
perial received his first baptism of fire,  
the Emperor Napoleon took him back to  
Metz for dinner. Now we hear that the  
whole French army is going to Metz—  
but not for dinner; they got their stom-  
achs full before they started.

[From the Albany Journal, 8th.]  
The curtain once lifted, the grand  
drama of war moves forward with swift  
and tremendous energy. France, from  
the offensive, has been put upon the de-  
fensive. Prussia, from the assailed, has  
become the assailant. All along the line  
the German armies are advancing with  
resolute force. Everywhere victory  
rests upon their ensanguined banners.  
Strategy is confounded and expectation  
banished. While military critics are yet  
contending by what lines the French  
army shall advance into Germany, the  
Prussian columns are already upon the  
soil of France, battle follows battle, suc-  
cess crowns success, and with the enemy  
in retreat, the triumphant legions are  
marching towards the French capital.

[From the Boston Journal, 8th.]  
Although the smoke of the conflicts at  
Worth and at Hagenau had not com-  
pletely lifted at the date of our latest  
despatches, and these are characterized by  
a provoking absence of detail, yet there  
is no room left for doubt as to the result.  
Prussian valor and generalship have over-  
come French bravery and prestige. It is  
plain that "the sun of Austerlitz" has  
not yet dawned upon Napoleon III. On  
the other hand his singularly good for-  
tune seems to have suffered an eclipse.  
Instead of a Jena he has met at Hagenau  
with a Leipsic. And his fortunes seem  
to be in quite as desperate a condition  
as those of his uncle after that  
famous battle.

[From the Boston Traveller, 8th.]  
France will no more fall because of  
Weissenburg and Worth than this coun-  
try fell because of Big Bethel and I Bull  
Run, and it is absurd in Americans—but  
they are after German votes—  
stood up stoutly after the immense  
disasters that befel their country's  
in the secession war, to talk as  
supposed the issue of the Europ-  
slict settled by the in-  
scrutables. Do they  
have neither sense,  
valor? France has  
itary condition?  
such mis-  
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### FIRE DAMP EXPLOSION.

**Two men Killed and Three Badly In-  
jured.**  
The Scranton Republican says: A  
very serious fire damp explosion took  
place on Monday evening about ten  
o'clock in the Eddy Creek shaft (D. &  
H. G. Co.) There were at the time only  
six men in the mines of which—John  
Carey, Edward Hancock and Richard  
Mason—were seriously if not fatally  
burned. They were taken out by the  
other three men, who were at the time in  
a distant part of the mine, and consequent-  
ly escaped the burning miasma of death.  
John Pettigrew, the missing boss, had  
retired for the night, but was immedi-  
ately awakened and informs of the dis-  
aster, when he at once went to the shaft  
in company with Henry Whiteley, the  
mule boss, and decided to go down and  
see if they could not save the mules that  
were in the mines. Soon after their  
descent those who were at the mouth of  
the shaft heard a loud explosion of fire  
damp, that as once told the tale that Pe-  
ttigrew and Whiteley had fallen a prey to  
the fiery fiend. After a short time Peter  
Rose and Henry Jones descended to look  
for their comrades, and soon found them  
in a mine car, lying almost senseless, and  
their lamps having gone out. They were  
soon taken out of the mines and convey-  
ed to their homes, and on examination  
were found fearfully burned, and are now  
in a very precarious condition. This is  
the second accident of the kind that has  
happened in this mine, and under the act  
for the better ventilation of the mines, it  
becomes the duty of Andrew Nicoll, Mine  
Inspector, to have a thorough investiga-  
tion of the cause of the accident, so that  
the miners and the public will know who  
is to blame.

**EGYPTIAN CORN.**—Mr. Joseph Hoff-  
man has in his garden at Cumminsville  
a plant that, in some respects, is a curi-  
osity. It is a single stalk of what is la-  
beled "Egyptian Corn," and was grown  
from seed taken from the case of a  
mummy in Egypt, and which had lain  
hidden away in this receptacle for a pe-  
riod of two, and it may be, twice as  
many thousand years. The seeds plant-  
ed by Mr. Hoffman, were seven in num-  
ber, only one of which, through a long  
course of ages, during which kingdoms  
and empires had risen and fallen, flourish-  
ed, decayed, and were forgotten, had  
retained sufficient vitality to vegetate.  
The seed resembled, though they were  
not exactly like, our smallest variety of  
Indian corn; and the plant, now two  
feet or more in height, looks not unlike  
a stalk of broom corn or Chinese any-  
cane of the same dimensions.

The seed is probably produced at the  
top, and it was Mr. Hoffman's opinion,  
on inspection of the seed planted, that  
they came from a plant allied to the  
sorghum—several varieties of which are  
native in Africa. These seeds are part  
of a small quantity received by Mrs.  
Henry Reed from her sister, residing on  
the Pacific coast, who was indebted for  
them to Lady (St. John) Franklin.

Although curious, there is in this  
nothing unprecedented. Egyptian wheat  
taken, from ancient sarcophagi, has been  
known to germinate; and a Mr. Huteh,  
below the city, has a species of millet  
whose original seeds were found encased  
in the wrappings of an ancient Egyptian.  
Mr. Hoffman, several years ago, brought  
immature wheat from Egypt, which grew  
and under glass ripened fruitful seed,  
but the plant was too delicate for our  
climate and the cultivation was aban-  
doned. [New York Gazette.]

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